

Blush

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by [Juggy](#).

Summary

I smirked at his shyness his blush was the genuine sweetness I'd been craving.

First glance

Hannibal POV:

The bar is hundreds of conversations told in loud voices, all of them competing with the rock music that dominates the atmosphere. The crowd is young, students from the university for the most part. I wind my way through the warm bodies to order a drink - the dark local beer. Before the drink is poured I feel someone melt their body into mine in an attempt to get by, I turn to see who it is and I'm confronted with the sight of a short man, his eyes covered by a head of brown curly hair that looks like rich caramels to the deep earthy hues and is beautiful in every light even the dull warm light of the old bar, the man leans over the counter to speak to the bartender, he shouts his order over the loud music before waiting for the tender to pour his drink, the whiskey was amber, definitely not my favourite choice of alcohol. I've been nursing a whole bottle of wine, the bottle was typically humble though the glass was doubtless a vibrant strong green, and the wine the deepest of reds, the bottle became the hue of a welcoming deep brown, the sort that brought aged oak barrels to the imagination, it was the most expensive the bar had in stock and it dampened the pain.

I once again turned towards the man who was now tentatively sipping the golden liquid from the glass cup, he looked up quickly making split-second eye contact with me before almost bashfully looking away, I smirked at his shyness his blush was a genuine sweetness I'd been craving. The man sat onto a red bar stool, he swirled his drink anxiously looking around the bar as if everyone was watching him, which I wouldn't be surprised if they were, he was very attractive in a warm forest cabin kind of way, my thoughts were interrupted by the flash of brown hair as a girl went in for a hug, the man seemed to shrink away from the sudden physical contact, I tilt my head in curiosity at the anti-social behaviour.

I watch as he nervously pushes his hair out of his eyes so he could send a brief smile to the now annoyingly loud woman who had disturbed the comfortable sounds of the bar, his hair was a strong brown, a sort of visual poetry in the way it magicked tall oaks into my mind..

Awkward

Hannibals POV:

I can tell he's awkward but that reaction only happens when you care. It's evidence of love and self-awareness. That's a good thing, that's another reason I want to get to know him better, I lick my lips the sweet ones are always awkward, I could tell he was a beautiful person, not in looks, though he was pretty enough. It was like someone had planted a seed of perfect caring in his soul, from his face I could tell that this level of caring and empathy was ripping him apart as it grew. I think he might have an empathy disorder if the excessive avoidance of eye contact proves anything. He was chatting with the newcomer his laughing was like ripples in a still pond after a stone has been thrown in. It radiated outwards filling the rest of the bar with warmth as his problems which he wore so visibly on his face seemed to wash away with every sip of golden whiskey.

I walk up to the man excited to meet him, I tap him on his shoulder waiting for him to turn around and as he does his eyes gaze over me for a second before he bits his lip, eyes everywhere but on me, I smirk at his shyness moving closer, I offer my hand out in front of me and he takes it "I'm Hannibal, and you are?" I ask, his breathing seems to become softer as if having been given a task cleared his mind, he answers with a simple "Will" not giving much more away, but I don't mind I'm always up for a challenge.

I can feel the women's eyes on me as she watches the introduction clearly protective of Will, something curls in my gut, protectiveness perhaps? I am not one for possessiveness, I find that emotion distasteful I respond to his nervous introduction with a "Nice to meet you" holding on to his hand a little bit longer I could tell he did not like touch, I let the heat from my fingers creep into his consciousness and I can tell he wants to pull his hand away without being rude. He must have gone a long time without touch so much so that he doesn't want it anymore he acts as if it was an invasion pulling back but not letting go, an unwanted intimacy. He looks like he needs someone who craves his cuddles and wants nothing more than to wipe his tears away, I will be that person, I will make him want me to be that person, after a few seconds he takes his hand back stuffing it in his jacket pocket, his bottom lip trembles and I watch the movement with my eyes.

I lean into his space a little further pushing him further into the bar counter before striking up a conversation about his everyday life, I want to ask him about the warm tones of his cologne and what his skin would taste like on my tongue but I don't want to scare him, the aroma of his cologne was as comforting as the blackest of warm summer nights. As he spoke I traced his face with my eyes his beard looked so soft. It took that boyish face and made him look so manly. I loved it, I really did. I flick my eyes up from his jaw to his lips they are softness, passion and the promise of the sweetness to come. as we chat I watch him listen to my words as if they were golden, perhaps some elixir he's been waiting for all day to hear it is quite intriguing how by the time I'm done speaking he has already crafted a strategy that's several moves ahead of what I am capable of saying, this attentive feature brings a light smile to my face but this is all disrupted by the squeaky voice of the lady I forgot was even there, I roll my eyes as my Will turns his eyes away from me, turning to instead lean in so she can

whisper something in his ear, he nods before turning to me muttering a quick apology and a fast glance to his watch before rushing through the crowd that has formed around the bar, the bitch who interrupted us right on his heel like a lost puppy.

Rain

Hannibal POV:

I stand around the bar for a couple of hours after Will had left taking in the people and finishing off my drink upset at the lack of the curly-haired man at my side, I took a swig of my bottle of wine licking off the drips that fell on my lips before getting up and heading to the door, when stepping out I realised it was raining heavily outside. Each drop sits on my skin like a puddle that will never leave, perfectly formed, perfectly cold. I feel the water steal my body heat just a tiny bit at a time. Perhaps once I would have sort shelter or warmth - but no longer. I have become accustomed to the elements, to the wind and chill. There is coziness in my suffering as if life has and will always be this way. There is comfort in predictability. As I walk watching the rain hit the pavement I run straight into someone surprising myself with my lack of self-awareness my mind invaded by thoughts of Will, I look up from where I've stumbled back only to be face to face with the very man I became almost obsessed with 6 or so hours before except his hair is now drenched and clings to his forehead and his clothes dripping with water, he begins to apologise profusely keeping his eyes cast to my shoes, My crush on him is akin to crushed velvet, soft and reflective of the light, I want to cherish him, lock him up for no one to see, in the short time I've met him he is all I've thought about, he's my sex-muse, my obsession. I see his soul, I feel the intensity of his intelligence. If we are chosen soulmates then that's great. if not I will choose for us.

By the time I've broken from my thoughts, Will has finished apologising and moves to get past me, I grab his arm as he goes by in attempt to get him to stay or to get his number he looks up from his fixed gaze on the ground and recognition floods his face "Hannibal?" He questions I could just stand here and relish in the way he says my name I want to hear him say it over and over again from fear or from lust or maybe both, his voice was the kind of deep voice that is so very easy to fall in love with, that auditory caramel so smooth but nervous, I smile at him before saying "Yes darling" watching him blush at the casual pet name, I reach for my pocket to grab a pen before grabbing his arm once again and pushing up his old sweater before scribbling my number across it and then re-covering it to protect it from the rain "Call me" I smirk before turning away and continuing to walk through the puddles of fresh rain. He will call me, if he doesn't I'll find him, I'll do whatever it takes to get to know him, possessiveness flares in my chest for the soaked haunted man I was walking away from. We will love each other I'll make sure of it.

On the scene

Hannibal:

I'm still very hungover from the excessive amount of wine I had consumed the night before, I'd just been called to look around a crime scene for an old friend in the FBI, as I walk onto the scene I'm welcomed by Jack, he's holding a cup of coffee and starts leading me to the gruesome scene, I step under the police tape only to be confronted with the sight of a very tired looking Will, of course, I'm ecstatic to see him again but the way his eyes are glazed over and he seems to be lost worries me, I start to walk towards him but am held back by Jack, "That's Will Graham, he's got this empathy disorder that helps him empathise with the killers, understand their reasoning, you can't interrupt him yet." I watch Will worry still settles into my bones, As I watch Jack walks up and rests a hand on his shoulder causing will to break from his trance and pull away aggressively, he turns to Jack rubbing his eyes tiredly before starting to recite what he saw and what his opinion is "The bloodshed was as barbaric as it was stupid... It was evil and cruel but there are always thoughts that come with reasons to kill, this kill was done because he sinned, he was greedy, gluttonous maybe? He was rich and was rude to the killer, looking down on him. The killer was furious, he must have been working in a lower-paying job, maybe a janitor or something?" Will recounts, Jack nods satisfied with the information given, he then starts to push Will into continuing to talk, before I can interfere, Will seems to snap "You mistake my calm for a readiness to take on more, to deal with more. Perhaps once it was. Not anymore. Now it is only exhaustion, quiet and subdued, always hoping for a respite from your storms." Jack practically turns red, but before he is able to snap back Will had turned on his feet and was walking away, I can practically smell his exhaustion as he rushes by me not showing any signs of even seeing me in the first place, I see him walk towards an old truck, I watch as he fumbles with his keys struggling to get it in the lock.

I look back to Jack who is now taking his anger out on the rest of the crime scene crew obviously forgetting that he dragged me all the way here, I turn back to the crime scene the murder was interesting it didn't scream anger as Will had stated it screamed of jealousy, jealousy over possibly a rich life they couldn't have perhaps?

My head snaps to the old truck again when I hear its engine start but before Will has time to drive off I hurry over knocking on his car window so he'll roll it down, he jumps lifting his forehead off of the steering wheel where he previously had it rested, his eyes widen as he looks at my face I offer a gentle smile, smelling his stress, he rolls it down offering a simple "Hi" as a greeting I respond with asking him if he would give me a lift taking the opportunity to spend more time with him, he nods his head softly before running his hand through his hair possibly a nervous habit? I rush around the car opening the door and hop into the seat, the smell of old coffee and sleeplessness invades my nose and I grimace a little bit, he starts the car and asks me for my address I give it to him muttering a simple thank you as he begins to drive.

The drive back is a kind of awkwardness that many would avoid at all costs but I use the silence to look over his features, noticing the black bags under his eyes and the stress lines

etched into his forehead I begin to become curious about why he looks like he hasn't slept in years so I voice my concerns "Will, when was the last time you've slept?" hoping that my straightforwardness doesn't make Will throw up his defence system, Will glances sideways towards me, before looking back to the road "I don't believe that is any of your business" his voice is a type of cold that I don't care for, "I understand Will, I apologise for my question but you have to know it was coming from good intent" he shifts in his seat muttering a sentence about how he doesn't even know me, the silence is broken by Will "You're a psychologist." He says it as a statement but I can tell it was meant as an accusation, I nod "Does that bother you?" he snorts shaking his head "Of course it does, I don't like people like you poking around in my brain because you simply find me interesting." I nod "I can't turn off my analysis of people any more than you can, though I will try to make sure I don't do anything that makes you feel uncomfortable." I turn to him and his hands turn white from gripping the steering wheel so hard, I want to reach out and hold them, I want to hold him.

Chapter 5

The long car ride from then on is left in an uncomfortable silence with Will keeping his eyes on to the road and me keeping my eyes on him, he turns to me his face a warm red and speaks an annoyed and sarcastic "Take a picture it'll last longer, I can practically feel you looking at me, your eyes are burning a hole into the side of my face" I smile daring to respond with a flirty "there's a lot to admire" he blushes even harder and turns back again to look out the windshield, although the tense atmosphere in the car has lifted I cannot seem to shake the concern for him that's settled in my bones, I decide to attempt to reach out once again "I hope you know that when you talk to me I'm not trying to be your therapist but your friend" I catch his tiny nod he responds with "I'm not sure we're friends Hannibal" But I don't let it insult me we've only known each other for a day almost in total.

"Oh dear will, we will become friends soon" I smirk at him, he pulls up at my house, and I turn to him and ask him for his number after some convincing he gives it to me and I'll tell him I'll call, he shakes his head almost in denial of his feelings. As I walk back into my house I get a text from Jack telling him that there will be an office party tomorrow at a nearby pub and he wants me to join, with Will in mind I respond with an RSVP and lock my door.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

I just wanted to say thank you so much for the current support on my work and I will try and get longer chapters out soon <3 :)

By the time I've made it to the party because of horrible traffic at least half the party-goers are drunk, I can smell it on them as I wade through the crowd looking for Will which I soon find in a corner getting uncomfortably close to some guy I haven't ever met before, He's obviously absolutely shit faced if the sloppy movements and the drowsy smile says anything, I consider going in and breaking them up but before I can he turns to me, catching my eyes which is shocking considering his obvious distaste to eye contact, he smirks, I raise my eyebrows in curiosity. He pulls the man closer to him whispers travelling to the guy's ears, he then slowly presses his lips against the stranger's neck, dark drunk eyes flicking back towards mine, he caresses the guys chin pulling it away from him to see the red hickey forming, he even has the audacity to maintain eye contact as he swipes their bottom lip with his tongue.

I decided that If I don't get him home he is going to heavily regret anything else he does so I rush forward adjusting my shirt collar because it's suddenly boiling hot in here before grabbing him and practically carrying him as he starts to fall asleep out to my car.

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